RMS AND THE WOMAN. ontinued from Sixth Page).

n. Lat." I cried, "what made you

hen I am a man's friend, it is in nd death. He was in the way. nay thank liquor that he lives.' ids of his eyes contracted. "Hurts e, but it will not be for long, my I am bleeding to death inside. the woman loves you, and in eyes, princess or not, she belongs u. You and I cannot understand things which make it impossible man and a woman who love each to wed. Let me hold your hand. l like an old woman. Give me a hful of brandy. Ah, that's bet-Innkeeper, your courage is not to oubted, but your judgment of ligis. Anyway, Jack, I suppose you not forget me in a week or so,

an!" was all I could say, bending his hand to hide my tears. ack, you are not sorry?"

an, you are more to me than any an in the world."

h, say! You wouldn't-hold me up t higher; that's it-you wouldn't me hang on now, would you? en't anything to live for, no matter you put it. Home? I never had The only regret I have in leaving hat the prince will not keep me pany. Put an obol in my band, Charon will see me over the Styx.

nd when, like her, O Saki, you shall pass ong the guests star scattered on the grass. d in your joyous errand reach the spot ere I made one, turn down an empty glass! Well, hang me, Jack, if you aren't ng! Then you thought more of me. Now the pistols." than I believed; a man's tears an more than a woman's. A man w much better to fold the tent weapons." en living becomes tasteless and the is full of lees! The prince was a le cruel, but perhaps his hand it will please you?" mbled too. Innkeeper, you're a d fellow."

zzled veteran sadly. Tell Jack how it happened," said n. "It burts me."

n leaving me, Hillars and the innfair speed. It took half an hour to ing the two parties within speaking ound, but kept on straight ahead. is made Hillars' choler rise, and he urred forward.

One moment, gentlemen," he cried. have a word with you!"

hey galloped on unheeding. When lars got in front of them, they ely veered to either side. Ah!" said Hillars, choking with

e. With a quick movement he bent d caught the bridle of the prince's rse. The count, seeing that the ince was compelled to rein in, did kewise. The prince looked disdain-

"Well, what is it?" asked Von Waln. "Speak quickly. Has your scribing friend run-away with her high-

"My remarks, most noble and puisint count," said Hillars, bowing sarically to the neck of his horse, "I hall confine to the still more noble. ad puissant Prince of Wortumborg." "This is an unappreciated honor," eered the prince.

"So it is," replied Hillars lightly. When an honest man speaks to you, e is conferring an honor upon you hich you, as you say, cannot appreate. It appears to me that your ighness has what we in America call palaria. I propose to put a hole brough you and let out this bad subtance. Lead, properly used, is a great arative. Sir, your presence on this eautiful world is an eyesore to me." "One excuse is as good as another," aid the prince. "Did her highness elegate you to put me out of the ray?"

"Oh, no. But since you have brought name into it, I confess that it is n her a count. Well, sir, no man has ver insulted a woman in my presence nd gone unscathed. In English speakng lands we knock him down. This eing Rome, I shall do as the Romans o. I believe I called you a liar. I rrand plain?"

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"As I said to your friend," smiled the prince, "I will send a lackey down here to take care of you. Count, we shall hardly get to the station in time to catch the train. Young man, stand aside. You annoy me. I have no time to discuss the princess or her lovers. Release my horse!"

"What a cur you are!" cried Hillars, losing his airy tone. "By heaven, you will fight me if I have to knock you down and spit upon you!" Then with full force he flung his hat into the face of the prince.

"You have written finis to your tale." said the prince, dismounting.

"Your highness," exclaimed the count, springing to the ground, "this must not be! You shall not risk your life at the hands of this cursed adventurer."

"Patience, .count," said the prince, shaking off the hand which the count had placed upon his shoulder. "Decidedly this fellow is worth consideration. | mount, jumped on his own horse and Since we have no swords, sir, and they seem to be woman's weapons these days, we will use pistols. Of course, his knee, staring after them with a you have come prepared. It is a fine time for shooting. This first light of remaining horse was grazing a short twilight gives us equal advantage. Will it be at 10 or 20 paces? I dare say, if his head and gazed inquiringly at the we stand at 20 in the center of the road, we shall have a good look at each other before we separate indefinitely."

"Your highness insists?" murmured

"I not only insist; I command." The prince took off his coat and waistcoat and deposited them on the grass at the side of the road. Hillars did likewise. There was a pleased expression on his face. "I do believe, count," laughed the prince, "this fellow expects to kill

"If you will permit me," said the innkeeper staking an oblong box from unst die, and what is a year or two? der his coat. "These are excellent

The prince laughed. "I suppose, inn keeper, if the result is disastrous to me

The Innkeeper was not lacking in courtest. "It would be a pleasure, I Herr is a man of heart," said the assure you. There are certain reasons flamed use John R. Dickey's Old Rel able why I cannot fight you myself." "To be sure,"

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eper, after having taken a pair of by local applications as they cannot Store for 25 cents. tols, had mounted the cavalry reach the diseased portion of the ear. es despite the protests of the own- | There is only one way to cure deafness. | the hill, across the valley? Put me and had galloped away in pursuit and that is by constitution: I remedies. the prince and Count von Walden. Deafness is caused by an infiamed conley caught sight of them a mile or dition of the mucous lining of the Eust-chian Tube. When this tube is inahead. They were loping along at flamed you have rumbling sound or im perfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed, Deafness is the result and unless am tired-tired and cold. What fantance. Although the prince and Von the inflammation can be taken out and cies a man has in death! A moment alden heard them, they never turned this tuli- restored to its normal condi tion, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by Catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

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"It would be too much like murder," continued the innkeeper. "Your hand would tremble so that you would miss me at point blank. There goes the last of the san. We must burry." With a grimace the count accepted

the box and took out the pistols. "They are old fashioned," he said.

"A deal like the innkeeper's morals,"

supplemented the prince. "But effective," said the innkeeper. The count scowled at the old fellow. who met the look with phlegm. As an innkeeper he might be an inferior, but as a second at a duel be was an equal

It was altogether a different matter. The count carefully loaded the weapoas, the innkeeper watching him attentively. In his turn he examined

them. "Very good." he said.

The paces were then measured out. During this labor the prince gaz, d indifferently toward the west. The aftermath of the sun glowed on the horizon. The prince shaded his eyes for a

"Gentlemen," he said, "I believe the hostilities till she has passed."

A few minutes later the coach came rumbling along in a whirlwind of dust. The stoical envalrymen kept on with out so much as a glance at the quartet standing at the side of the road. Hillars looked after the vehicle till it was obschred from view. Then he shook himself out of the dream into which he had fallen. He was pale now, and his eyebrows were drawn together as the count held out the pistol.

"Ah. yes!" he said as though he had forgotten. "There goes the woman who will never become your wife."

"That shall be decided at once;" was the retort of the prince. "She will marry the gentleman back

"A fine husband he will make, truly!" replied the prince. "He not only deserts her, but forsakes her champion. But that is neither here nor there. We shall not go through any polite formal-

ities," his eyes snapping viciously. The two combatants took their places in the center of the road. The pistol arm of each bung at the side of

the body. "Are you ready, gentlemen?" asked the count, the barest tremor in his-

voice. "Yes," said the prince. Hillars simply nodded.

"When I have counted three, you will be at liberty to fire. One!" The arms raised slowly till the pistols were on the level of the eyes.

"Two!" The innkeeper saw Hillars move his lips. That was the only sign.

"Three!" The pistols exploded simultaneously. The right arm of the prince swung back violently, the smoking pistol flying from his hand. Suddenly one of the horses gave a snort of pain and terror and bolted down the road. No attention was given to the horse. The

others were watching Hillars. He expression on his race was a sour one. stood perfectly motionless. All at once the pistol fell from his hand. Then

both manner as a contract of to mis breast. There was an expression of surprise on his face. His eyes closed, his knees bear forward and be sank into the road a haddled hear. The prince shrugged, a sigh of relief fell from the count's half parted lips, while the innkeeper ran toward the failen

"Are you hart, prince?" asked the

count. "The cursed fool has blown off my elbow?" was the answer. "Bird it up with your handkerchief and help me on with my coat. There is nothing more to do. If he is not dead, he soon will be, so it's all the same."

When the prince's arm was sufficiently bandaged so as to stop the flow of blood, the count assisted him to the two cantered off, leaving the innkeeper, Hillars' head propped up on dull rage in his faded blue eyes. The distance away. Now and then he lifted two figures in the road. "Is it bad, herr?" the innkeeper ask-

"Very. Get back to the inn. I don't want to peter out here." Then he

It required some time and all the innkeeper's strength to put Hillars on the horse. When this was accomplished, he turned the horse's head toward the inn. And that was all. "Dan?" said I.

The lids of his eyes rolled wearily

"Is there anything I can do for you?" "Bury me." It was very sad. "Where?" I asked.

"Did you see the little cemetery or

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there. It is a wild, forgotten place, 'Tis only my body. Who cares what becomes of that? As for the other, the soul, who can say? I have never been a good man. Still I believe in God. 1 back I saw my father. There was a wan, sweet faced woman standing close beside him; perhaps my mother. I never saw her before. Ah, me, these chimeras we set our hearts upon, these worldly hopes! Well, Jack, it's curtain and no encore. But I am not afraid to die. I have wronged no man or woman. I have been my own enemy. What shall I say, Jack? Ah, yes! God have mercy on my soul! And this sudden coldness, this sudden ease from pain. is death!"

There was a flutter of the eyelids, a sigh, and this poor flotsam, this driftwood which had never known a harbor in all its years, this friend of mine. this inseparable comrade, passed out.

There were hot tears in my eyes as I stood up and gazed down at this mystery called death, and while I did so a hand, horny and hard, closed over mine. The innkeeper, with blinking eyes, stood at my side.

"Ah, herr," he said, "who would not

die like that?" And we buried him on the hillside just as the sun swept aside the rosy curtain of dawn. The wind, laden with fresh morning perfumes, blew up joyously from the river. From where I stood I could see the drab walls of the barracks. The windows sparkled and flashed as the gray mists sailed

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> beavenward and vanished. The bill with its long grasses resembled a green sea. The thick forests across the river, almost black at the water's edge, turned a fainter and more delicate bue as they receded till far away they looked like mottled glass. Only yesterday he had laughed with me, talked and smoked with me, and now he was dead. A rage pervaded me. We are puny things, we who strut the highways of the world, parading a so called wisdom. There is only one philosophy; it is to learn to die.

> "Come," said I to the innkeeper, and we went down the hill.

> "When does the herr leave?" "At once. There will be no questions?" I asked, pointing to the village. "None. Who knows?"

"Then remember that Herr Hillars was taken suddenly ill and died and my left the stones in the little cemethat he desired to be buried here. I tery on the hillside shone with brildare say the prince will find some ex. liant whiteness. cuse for his arm, knowing the king's will in regard to dueling. Do you understand me?"

"Yes." I did not speak to him again, and he strode along at my beels with an air of preoccupation. We reached the inn

in silence. "What do you know about her serene highness the Princess Hildegarde?" I

asked abruptly. "What does herr wish to know?" shifting his eyes from my gaze.

"All you can tell me."

"Go on."

"Ah, but it is unpleasant, berr. You see, my wife and I were not on the best of terms. She was handsome a cousin of the late prince. She left me more than 20 years ago. I have never seen her since, and I trust that she is dead. She was her late highness' bairdresser." 1

"And the Princess Hildegarde?" "She is a woman for whom I would gladly lay down my life."

"Yes, yes!" I said impatiently. "Who made her the woman she is? Who taught her to shoot and fence?" "It was I."

"You?" "Yes. From childhood she has been under my care. Her mother did so desire. She is all I have in the world to love. And she loves me, herr, for in all her trials I have been her only friend. But why do you ask these questions?" a sudden suspicion lighting his eyes.

"I love her." He took me by the shoulders and squared me in front of him. "How do you love her?" a glint of anger mingling with the suspicion.

"I love her as a man who wishes to make her his wife."

His hands trailed down my sleeves

till they met and joined mine. "I will tell you all there is to be told. Herr, there was once a happy family in the palace of the Hohenphalians. The prince was rather wild, but he loved his wife. One day his cousin came to visit him. He was a fascinating man in those days, and few women were there who would not give an ear to his flatteries. He was often with the princess, but she hated him. One day an abominable thing happened. This cousin loved the princess. She

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scorned him. As the make was entering the boudofr this consin, making out that he was anotherious of the was too far away to see the horror in



He took the princess in his arms and kissed her.

his wife's face. He believed her to be acquiescent. That night he accused her. Her denials were in vain. He confronted her with his cousin, who swore before the immortal God himself that the princess had lain willing in his arms. From that time on the prince changed. He became reckless; he fell in with evil company; he grew to be a shameless ruffian, a man who brought his women into his wife's presence and struck her while they were there. And in his passions he called her terrible names. He made a vow that when children came he would make them things of scorn. In her great trouble the princess came to my inn, where the Princess Hildegarde was born. The prince refused to believe that the child was his. My mistress finally sickened and died broken hearted. The prince died in a gambling den. The king became the guardian of the lonely child. He knows but little or he would not ask her highness"- He stopped.

"He would not ask her what?" "To wed the man who caused all this

"What! Prince Ernst?" "Yes; I prayed to God, herr, that your friend's bullet would carry death, but it was not to be."

"I am going back to London," said I. "When I have settled up my affairs there, I shall return."

"And then?" "Perhaps I shall complete what my friend began."

I climbed into the ramshackle conveyance and was driven away. Once I looked back. The innkeeper could be seen on the porch; then he became lost to view behind the trees. Far away to

CHAPTER XVI. There were intervals during the three

(Continued on Third Page.)

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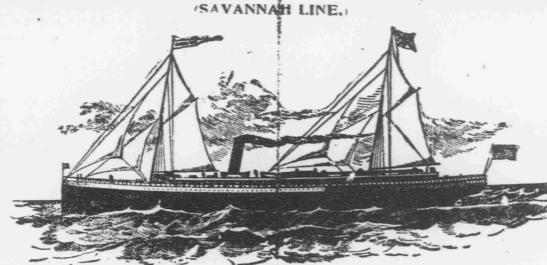
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